

THURSDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 24.

SUBSCRIPTION TO THE EVENING

EDITION (Including Postage).

PER MONTH, 30c.; PER YEAR, \$3.50.

The following comparison is an exact record of the actual, regular, bona-fide editions of THE WORLD printed during the week preceding and the week following the last election:

	Week before election.	After election.
Sunday	307,800	262,500
Monday	262,510	262,540
Tuesday	267,000	260,560
Wednesday	269,000	271,640
Thursday	263,000	262,580
Friday	260,180	277,080
Saturday	260,000	260,070
Weekly and Semi-Weekly	107,430	107,060
Totals	1,923,920	2,170,860

We, the undersigned, the paper manufacturers who supply the white paper used by the New York World, hereby certify that we have carefully examined the above statement of circulation, and solemnly swear that it corresponds with the amount of white paper supplied by us, used by THE WORLD and charged up to them (in accordance with our method of charging THE WORLD each day only the paper actually used and printed) during the two weeks specified.

BULKLEY, DUNTON & CO.,  
by DAVID G. GANABANT,  
YORK HAVEN PAPER CO.,  
SUSQUEHANNA WATER-POWER  
AND PAPER CO.,  
GLASS FALLS PAPER MILL CO.,  
by Wm. B. DILLON,  
Manager of Sales,  
W. H. PARSONS & CO.,  
by W. H. PARSONS.

State of New York, City and County of New York, ss.  
I, William B. Dillon, manager of sales for the York Haven Paper Co., the Susquehanna Water Power and Paper Co., and Glass Falls Paper Mill Co., and W. H. Parsons, of W. H. Parsons & Co., who being known to me, did appear before me, and make and swear that the foregoing statement is true and correct.

WILLIAM B. DILLON.

Commissioner of Deeds, City and County of New York.

New York, Nov. 15, 1917.

## ADVERTISING RATES.

(Agate Measurement.)

Ordinary, 25 cents per line. No extra price for acceptable display. Business or Special Notices, opposite editorial page, 50 cents per line. Reading Notices, started or marked "Advt.," first page, \$1.50 per line; fourth page, \$1.25 per line; inside page, \$1 per line.

The rates for advertising in the Daily World do not apply to the Evening Edition. How do the rates of that issue apply to the Morning Edition.

## UNCLE SAM'S THANKSGIVING.

Uncle Sam finds lots of good things in his Thanksgiving pudding this year. There are Peace, Prosperity, Plenty, Progress, etc., etc.—a perfect peck of palatable plums.

What a dismal contrast the Old World presents! Ireland is in a state of quagmire. The army of the unemployed storms Trafalgar Square. A grim, foreboding storm haunts the imperial house of Germany.

France faces a desperate crisis. Armed to the teeth, taxed to extortion, suffering much destitution, the old nations stumble on beneath the ever-threatening war clouds.

Uncle Sam has nothing of exultation but much of regret that the Old World should be in such a bad way. He keeps his own doors wide open, and is ready to share his prosperity with all. He is the most generous host and the greatest philanthropist that ever lived.

And perhaps in a measure he earns his Thanksgiving plums in this way.

## A SINECURE.

A minion of the Standard Oil thinks that the newspapers are unnecessarily severe in criticizing the operations of that unscrupulous monopoly, as disclosed by the testimony before the Interstate Commission at Washington.

As a rare piece of humor, he adds that the Standard Oil has an able corps of lawyers at Washington "to defend its honor!"

Well, if these eminent legal gentlemen have nothing else to do, they are to be congratulated upon the possession of a very neat sinecure.

## GLAD TIDINGS.

The chronic kickers who complain that the newspapers always report the bad and neglect the good doings of the community should scan THE WORLD this morning.

It is teeming with glad tidings, with Thanksgiving charities, with accounts of philanthropic work of a permanent character.

A column is given to the new Cancer Hospital for women, erected and generously endowed by the Arsons and others. The Hahnemann Hospital is reported as setting aside a special apartment for sick working-girls. The good work of the Children's Aid Society and other commendable organizations receives attention.

THE WORLD is always glad to devote liberal space to such examples of well doing. Publicity should inspire rivalry in good works.

## SUPPRESS THE GAMBLERS.

That the business of the Stock Exchange should have materially fallen off during the present year is cause for congratulation, not regret.

The Wall street speculators add nothing to the real wealth of the country. They merely gamble in the products of others. The values they create are fictitious. The depressions they cause injure real business.

Great will be the statement and abundant need of honor who shall on the statute books draw distinctly the line between legitimate dealing and gambling in stocks and staples.

Suppress the gamblers, high and low.

## THE FESTIVAL OF HOME.

Thanksgiving is distinctively the national home festival. It is the only holiday of its kind of which the Government takes official notice and for which it issues its proclamation.

It is fitting that the American home should be thus officially recognized. Its sentiment more than all things else rules in this country.

What flower of civilization so fine as this! And within its happy circles Thanksgiving is a day of days.

Then let the bronzed turkey glow with pride, as piping hot he is brought to the place of honor to-day at the dinner table of the American home.

## FIGHTING MONOPOLY.

The Standard Oil lawyers evidently neglected to coach Agent Culp, of the Louisville and Nashville road. Before the Interstate Commissioners yesterday he unwittingly gave the whole scheme away.

His testimony, intended to favor the oil monopolists, leaves no reasonable doubt that the most outrageous discrimination in various forms has been practiced by their road in defiance of the law.

This is only a sample case. There is every reason to believe that the other roads complained of are equally guilty of breaking the law in favor of the monopoly.

Now, Messrs. Commissioners, off with your gloves. The people want no gingerly work in these cases.

It is a square fight between the law and the monopoly. If the former is not strong enough to prevail, it will be reinforced in quick metre.

## A PREJUDICED OLD LADY.

What a lot of trouble would have been averted if Mme. Jumez, who died in 1865, had only willed her extensive property directly to the lawyers. It was certainly very inconsiderate on her part to make them scramble about for over twenty years to secure possession of her estate.

Moreover, she was exceedingly unjust to all concerned, for it now appears that claims for counsel fees not only eat up the entire property but threaten to ruin the unfortunate heirs.

Mme. Jumez was evidently a person of old-fashioned prejudices, who took delight in placing obstacles in the path of the legal fraternity.

## THE WHITTIER MEMORIAL.

What has the Poet Whittier had to do with the office-holders that the Essex Club, of Boston, should prepare a memorial for his eightieth birthday, to be signed exclusively by the State and national officials? Why should the committee "deem it best to withhold the text of the memorial from the public until after its presentation?"

Whittier is not and never was the poet of the office-holders. He is and has always been distinctively the poet of the people. He is of the masses and not the classes.

The Whittier memorial tribute should be a broad-based and popular one, befitting the character of the poet's verse, voicing, not merely the sentiments of club men and office-holders, but the grateful appreciation of the people at large.

## THE DREADFUL DAY AFTER.

A day of feasting is glorious—while it lasts. But it is the dreadful "day after" that brings Nemesis to the front.

It is ungracious to preach moderation at such a time. But if those who eat and drink at the Thanksgiving dinner about twice as much as is good for them will follow this simple recipe they may escape some of the worst of the stomach's revenge.

Not another mouthful after dinner until to-morrow. Feast and fast.

THE WORLD entertains its newboys at an old-fashioned Thanksgiving dinner this afternoon. There will be a mysterious disappearance of a phenomenal amount of turkey and "fixings." The devouring element, so to speak, will be on hand.

Police Capt. GUNNER testifies that during a period of seven months he never saw Patrolman CLARK, of his squad, when not under the influence of liquor. CLARK has doubtless been kept on the force on account of his regular habits.

The Old Colony Railroad proposes to gobble the Boston and Providence road in the interests of harmony. This is the sort of "harmony" that exists between the lamb and the lion when the former is inside the latter.

It appears that the new Chaplain of the Seventh Regiment, though Southern-born, did not, as reported, serve in the Confederate army. He had an excellent war record in the Union army under Gen. Hancock.

BOOTS and BARRETT will not devote their proposed New York theatre wholly to legitimate drama. There are just seven too many letters in legitimate to suit many theatre patrons.

On goes the merry war against the bucket-shops, while the gambling exchanges still thrive unmolested. A terrible straining at the gnat; the camel is swallowed at a gulp.

It is to be hoped that the portrait which Artist HEALY, of Paris, is painting of Mr. BLAINE will be more satisfactory than his Presidential canvass.

Does the disembodied turkey yearn for sympathetic company? Let him lie to the football game to-day.

Mrs. LANTORY and Mrs. POTTER are taking lessons in fencing. Have they not fought enough in their own companies?

Most should be thankful to-day that he is in the land of fair play, that he is being prosecuted, not persecuted.

Coroner LEVY holds an inquest to-day on the late lamented TURKEY A. GORBLER.

A good Thanksgiving item: the coke combination has been broken.

Only the wise turkey, who acted on THE WORLD's advice to bant, will survive to-day.

New for the wishbones.

## A FEAST FOR THE NEWSBOYS.

ONE THOUSAND HAPPY LADS EAT A DINNER GIVEN BY "THE WORLD."

They March Behind a Band to Everett's Dining Rooms and Enthusiastically Cheer the Newspaper that Makes Their Holiday Memorable—The Streets Blacked with People to See the Novel Spectacle.

THE WORLD gave a Thanksgiving dinner to 1,000 newsboys. The feast took place at Everett's Hotel, 98 Barclay street and 102, 104 and 106 Vesey street. It was a great success, and the poor, active and hardworking little fellows will remember for a long time the substantial repast that was set before them. The boys were as hungry a little army as was ever gathered. When they attacked the tables furnished them on orders, they went at the soups, meats and turkeys as they had a contract to devour every thing in sight or in the kitchen below within an hour.

The newsboys were fed in the large main dining-room, that extends from Vesey to Barclay street. The room had been handsomely decorated with flags and flowers. It contained 100 tables and five boys sat at each table. Only 500 lads could be fed at a time, but when the first 500 had eaten until they could not eat another crumb, they gladly made room for the hungry 500 who were massed in the street, waiting for their chance with commendable patience. The boys behaved themselves. They forgot their pranks in their eagerness to fill their stomachs. Never before in their lives had they seen so many good things to eat. The din that the hungry purveyors of the one hundred tables with the orders they gave.

"I'll tackle the whole business," cried a curly-headed chap, whose overcoat was a maulin shirt.

"Give Yaller and me bluefish, turkey and rabbit on toast," shouted a black-eyed boy of ten, whose bare feet rested on the round of a chair.

"Put everything you got on this table, and hurry up," ejaculated a crippled boy, who had dropped his crutch under the table.

"The din that the hungry purveyors of the newspapers made with knife and fork could be heard in Washington Market. Many of the boys, however, threw their knives aside and picked up their hands. Several times during the feasting the little fellows proposed cheers for THE WORLD. The hearty responses made the dining-room ring.

"Miss, you dropped something," and offered her to pick it up. "Miss, you dropped something," and offered her to pick it up. "Miss, you dropped something," and offered her to pick it up.

"Oh, but I saw you drop it!" persisted the boy, who was so sure that this juncture was yanked aside by his mother.

"Johnny, Johnny! How could you," exclaimed the mother.

"Hush, Johnny, hush! Give it me," Johnny handed the bag over reluctantly and sullenly, and in another moment it was bulging with the wares. "Miss, you dropped something," and offered her to pick it up.

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## THE BOY WAS HUNGRY.

A Thanksgiving dinner with a "Mouth That Works Both Ways."

Upper Broadway night before last was in that mellow and complacent frame of mind which is the usual accompaniment of Thanksgiving week. It laughed and joked and did its best to be happy.

A timid-looking boy crept out of the shadow of a hallway and touched a man on the sleeve. "Please, sir," he pleaded, "I'm so hungry! Give me a few pennies."

The man stopped. "Hungry eh?" he said, gruffly, shoving back the boy's hand.

"Yes, sir, oh, so hungry! I haven't had anything to eat since yesterday."

"Haven't," eh? The man looked as though he would annihilate the boy on the spot. "Hungry? Well, I never refuse to listen to a child's cry. Come with me to my restaurant, and I'll fill you up so full that you can't walk."

"Oh, thank you, sir. But—But I'd rather have the money. They're hungry at home."

"They are?" Well, I'll see about that after I've filled you up. The man's face was a glowing picture of Thanksgiving charity. Man and boy went into a restaurant.

"Here, waiter," said the man, "give this boy all that he can eat, and bring the check to me."

In a few minutes the waiter came up and said that the boy could not eat, because he was not hungry. A policeman was sent for.

"Do you know this boy?" asked the man. "I know him well," replied the policeman. "He's a professional beggar, and his folks are doing time on the island."

"Take him out into the street and cuff his ears and let him go."

Last night at the same hour, when the same man was walking along the same part of Broadway, he was accosted in the same manner by a boy who wanted pennies because he was hungry.

"Here, the man," "so you're hungry, too, are you?"

"Yes, sir," wailed the boy. "I ain't had nothing to eat since yesterday."

"Oh, you're a good fellow. Come with me, and if you're hungry I'll fix you up in shape."

The man turned away his face to hide a smile of fendish glee.

In the same restaurant the man said to the waiter, "Give this boy all that he can eat, and bring the check to me."

The waiter closed his left eye with a smile. At the end of half an hour he brought the waiting man a bill for \$1.00.

"How's this?" gasped the man.

"Boy was hungry, sir," replied the waiter. "Genuine case of hunger, sir. Boy must have been starved for a week!"

## AN INCIDENT WITH A MORAL.

A Distressing Accident Befalls a Young Woman on a Ferry Boat.

A young, pretty and stylishly dressed young woman peacocked about one of the Jersey Central ferry boats at Jersey City to-day. She had just come in on a Philadelphia train.

She wore a tight-fitting, ground-sweeping ulster, such as the ultra-fashionable women now use to show off the graceful lines of the figure. Behind, and below the waist, was a hump that Barnum's rescued camel might have envied. The lady tossed her pretty head and swung her skirts with a "please-admire-my-bustle" air, and entered the cabin.

At that moment a wonderful transformation appeared. Those who were following her saw the ulster subside for at least two feet. The camel's hump had disappeared as if it had been blown away by a strong wind.

The painful silence of a moment was broken by an eleven-year-old boy, who rushed up to the lady, touched her on the arm, and exclaimed: "Miss, you dropped something," and offered her to pick it up.

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## CURRENT THEATRICAL CHAT.

STEELE MACKAY'S NEW PLAY SAID TO BE